

Glue

that glue that joins us:
reciprocity's soft nudge,
your kind act's applause

*"I hear you, my friend
I accept your outstretched hand
I'm here in your world"*

but in reply's void,
the sound of one hand clapping,
what am I to hear?

no answer ... I wait ...
"nature abhors a vacuum"
assumptions rush in

spurned glue surely dries,
puddled on hard barren ground,
a pool of sorrow



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